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The Snow Storm.

Fall, fall the fleecy flakes,
The feather-like, star-like, crystal flakes;
The very sight of their coming makes
The air to tingle, with the merry jingle
Of the merry sleigh bells' merry dingle,
When flies o'er the road the well bestowed,
The laughter-ringing, frolic-flinging,
The mirthful, singing, tumult-bringing,
The talking, jesting, noisy load.

Down, down, over country and town,
Are the scattering snow-flakes thickly ströwn,
Falling softly like eider-down.
I think with delight of the robe of white
Which will deck the earth like a vestal bright,
In exchange for her faded russet gown,
Her homely dress of withered brown.
Spangled and light, gemmed like the night,
Is the robe which is weaving to be her own,
And to-night will be gracefully over her thrown.

Oft, oft, gently and oft,
Come the fluttering snow flakes down from aloft,
Floating and flying aud fleecy and soft;
Out from the sky, drifting rapidly by,
Down to the place where they quietly lie
Come they one by one, yet missing is none;
Not a floating speck, not a feathery fleck,
But in the chase of its downward race
Shall win its appointed resting place.

Pile, pile, silence the while!
Far and around and for many a mile,
Spreads the evenly scattered, snowy pile,
Over field, over fold, over clearing and wood,
Spotless and smooth and icy and cold,
Round the hut of the poor, round the rich man's door,
Over mountain and moor,
O'er the grave of the dead, o'er the pillowed head,
On roof and on ground, with never a sound.

Drift, drift, hastily drift!
How the winds in their arms this snow will sift,
When the icy meal to their sieves they lift!
How they'll toss it and twirl, and whistle and whirl,
And deposit at last with crinkle and curl,
In a mound as white, as porous and light,
As the frosted cake which house-wives make,
When to neighbor and friend a summons they send,
Their household comfort and cheer to partake!

Waste, waste, steadily waste!
When the sun looks down in its face so chaste,
How 'twill glide aside from his gaze in haste!
How 'twill shrink away from the wind of the South,
From the warmth of his breath, from the kiss of his
mouth,
Till will nothing remain, on the desolate plain,
But her mantle moist and dripping rain!
How she'll pass away, in a mild decay,
From the wind of the south and the noon-tide-ray!

Vt.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Diarist Abroad.

IN PRAGUE.

A fortnight in the hottest of June weather in old Prague, which lies in a deep hollow, where the breezes of heaven find no ready admittance! But spite of the heat, spite of my disappointment

in the public libraries of the city, which contain little or nothing for my purposes, those two weeks were neither unpleasant nor unprofitable.

When you come into a strange city with no letters of introduction, and you find all the gentlemen to whom you have occasion to apply for aid in your researches, not merely willing but glad to assist you, treating you rather as an old friend, than with the common politeness due from man to man, you leave that city carrying grateful recollections for kindness received, which imparts a roseate hue to all your memories of the place. This is the case with me. Volkmann, of the Kinsky Library, Schebeck, Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, Ambros, an advocate, Kittl, Director of the Conservatorium, Dreyschock, the great pianist—from these gentlemen and others I received important aid or friendly attentions.

It was at the season when music rests, and when many of the leading artists are away. Hence I have little to say in the way of a musical report; and my other notes have been kept back by a pressure of work of other kinds, which has prevented me from writing them out. They are musico-literary, and therefore not likely to lose their interest,—in so far as they have any, by delay.

Dr. EDMUND SCHEBEK I mention not as a musician, but on account of a work which he gave me for the Boston Library. He was one of the Austrian commissioners to the Paris Exhibition, in 1855, and the work in question is his report upon the orchestral instruments. It is beautifully printed of course, being from the imperial press. Should I ever succeed in finding an opportunity of sending it home, I call your attention to the epitome of the History of the Violin, and the discussion of the principles involved in the construction of the instrument. I have seen a letter from David, of Leipzig, praising this part of the report very highly, and surely David is a competent judge.

Dr. AUGUST WILHELM AMBROS, an advocate, a small man with a pair of very brilliant dark eyes and a magnificent head, is rapidly rising into the first rank of German writers upon music. I take him to be the pianist mentioned in the 43d and 46th volumes of the old Leipzig Music Journal. His tendencies are, I believe, the new school music. He has published some music, but is known principally as a writer upon Art. A little work of local interest upon the old Cathedral of St. Veit, in Prague, appeared some years since. Of more general interest are several small musical works; one upon the Conservatorium at Prague, on occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of its foundation; another upon the Limits of Music and Poetry; a third just out, upon the prohibition of consecutive fifths; and two works of great extent are announced as finished or in preparation—I really do not know which—a condensed history of music in 2 volumes, and "*Kultur-historische Bilder aus dem Musik-Leben der Gegenwart.*" I had the pleasure of a call one

day from the Director of the Conservatorium, who invited me to a private orchestral performance of the pupils. To say they played finely for boys, would be doing them injustice; though the ages of the performers ranged from 15 to 18 years only, it was good orchestral music—they played *well*. Here and there in the wild instruments, one felt that the youth had not yet attained a man's strength of lungs, but their execution was perfectly satisfactory. I sat in astonishment at such a performance by an orchestra of boys!

It was composed thus:—

First violins	6	Second Violins	5
Violas	3	Violoncellos	4
Contrabassi	4	Flutes	2
Oboes	2	Clarinetts	2
Bassoons	2	Horns	2
Trumpets	2	Tympani	1
Total	35		

What did they play? Some light, easy symphony of Haydn? Possibly Beethoven's First? or some simple overtures? Not at all. Spohr's 2d Symphony, No. 69, and Schumann's *Manfred* Overture—two works, as you well know, not written for boys, but for men. The Director of a Conservatorium of Music, so widely known as this at Prague, occupies a position influential enough to make his biography of interest. Hence the following sketch.

JOHANN FRIEDRICH KITTE was born May 8, 1809, at Worlik, in Bohemia, in a chateau belonging to the Schwarzenbergs, where his father was the principal judicial officer. He was an excessively sensitive and excitable child, and very early showed a talent for music. This was cultivated so that in his ninth year, before leaving home to enter a Latin school in Prague, he gave a sort of private farewell concert in his father's house, playing two or three of Tomaschek's Eclogues, and the piano-forte part of an easy Trio by Hummel.

In Prague for six years he lived with a grandmother and aunt, and indeed too exclusively, as the development of the manly elements in his character was for a long time hindered, and the natural excitability of his temperament was left without a due counterpoise. He made good progress in study, was an insatiate reader, and developed his piano forte playing to the extent of performing concertos by Ries and Hummel. Then came a period when he ran riot in poetry, but soon returned to music, and knowing nothing of the art of composition, was obliged to get another to write out the songs, which he composed in his sixteenth year.

Entering the university as a student of law, he became also a pupil of Tomaschek in harmony and counterpoint. Soon after this the effects of his almost cloister life for the preceding years, and of the severe preparation, which he had been obliged to make to pass his examinations, were felt in the miserable condition of his nervous system.

The catastrophe was brought on by his falling

in love with, and engaging himself to a girl, who he soon afterwards learned was unworthy of him. He became incapable of study, and hardly 19 years old, he remained sunk in deepest melancholy, even making attempts upon his own life. Being sent to a watering place, the sight of a patient, the victim of a melancholy, which had sunk to an incurable madness, gave him a terrible shock, and his horror enabled him to obtain at length mastery over himself, and he returned cured—save from the loss of the elasticity of temperament, which is our great safeguard from the ills of life.

Princess Schwarzenberg invited him to her Salons, where as pianist, he had opportunity to make a wide acquaintance among the Bohemian nobility. His ambition was again aroused, and he returned to Prague to resume his legal studies, living by turns in the families of Müller, Professor of Aesthetics, and Lichtenfeld, of Philosophy, and profiting much by being so intimately associated with them. He was a constant visitor at the house of Tomaschek, and thus was thrown much into the society of musicians. After the lapse of a year, his family, with the exception of the father, removed to Prague, and he had opportunity for two years to pursue his studies living at home. A "*Spinnerlied*," written previously, led to his acquaintance with the daughter of a general, whose singing so charmed him as to induce him to compose most of the songs for her, which have since appeared.

When about twenty-four years of age, a young man, his most intimate friend, through a mistake of a physician, was killed by laying ice upon his head when sick of the small pox. Kittl had acted as nurse, and was with the patient when after a period of dreadful delirium he died. This completely upset him, and threw him into a fever, during which he had fits of delirium. In one of them he thought his friend appeared to him, and said: "Hans, wrote a requiem for my soul." "My dear Alois, I could never accomplish it." "Yes thou wilt and soon."

As soon as he was well he began his work, and finished it in six days. The next year he lost his mother, but happily he was now engaged to one who could sympathize with him and comfort him.

During the next two years, he was so busily engaged in preparing for his examinations, as to compose only a few songs, three scherzos, and a sonata for 4 hands. At length he had passed all his examinations, and was ready to enter his profession. His father had destined him to be his successor at Worlik; but as the time drew near for him to leave Prague, he felt all the difficulty of leaving a city where his artistic tastes could be cultivated and indulged, for an obscure village and the routine life of his father. His entreaties at length prevailed, and Kittl senior, allowed his son to enter the finance department of the government of Prague.

Once settled, he went through a regular course of musical study with Tomaschek, and with such success as to write an entire sonata in double counterpoint of the octave—of course very learned and very unmusical in any high sense.

A septet for piano forte and wind instruments, seems to have been his next work. At this time he and his lady love separated, as he no longer could think of marriage for some time to come, and he formed not another connection of that sort, but an intimate friendship with Richard Wagner.

In the autumn of 1835 he wrote a nonet, several songs, and a piece for four men's voices, four horns and piano forte. On his birthday, 1836, May 8, he made his public appearance as composer, by giving a concert to nine hundred invited guests, at which the nonet, septet, the piece for voices, horns and piano forte, and several songs were given. The song: "*Wär ich ein Stern*," from Jean Paul's "*Flegeljahren*," was so successful as to be immediately called for in print, and from this time Kittl was known as a composer. In the autumn of 1836, he wrote a symphony in D minor, and in the spring of the next year a hunting symphony, which were both performed in Conservatory concerts.

In 1839, Spohr conducted the latter in a concert at Cassel, and recommended the composer to Mendelssohn's notice. The latter was thus induced to invite Kittl to Leipzig in 1840, to a performance of the same work in a Gewandhaus concert. He went and spent "the happiest day of his life," for the symphony was a success. It was printed by Breitkopf and Härtel, dedicated to Mendelssohn. A musician named Friedland, on his way from St. Petersburg to Paris, was at the Gewandhaus concert at the performance, and liked it so much as to take it with him to the French capital, where it was performed several times.

In the autumn of 1840, Kittl was thrown from a carriage, his shoulder put out of joint, and a dangerous illness, lasting some three months, followed. Upon his recovery, he composed a piano forte piece called "*La Guérison*," containing difficult passages for the left hand—the injured one, and in the spring of 1841, a concert overture in D, printed in Leipzig. In the summer he journeyed to Vienna, where he for the first time heard an Italian Opera, the principal performers being Tadolini, Frezzolini, Moriani Donzelli and Badiali.

On his return to Prague, he composed another concert overture, and his third symphony in D.

After the great fire in Hamburg, he gave a concert for the benefit of the sufferers, and cleared a handsome sum.

He embraced the opportunity to visit Leipzig again, and having sold some of his manuscripts very advantageously, extended his journey to Hamburg and London. After an absence of nine weeks he appeared again at his post in Prague, and was informed that he must keep the office hours as well as others—upon which he resigned his place, with the determination to trust to music for a subsistence. His father, who had now removed to Prague, learned this first through the newspapers, and naturally enough a great scene with his son was the result. But there was no help for it.

In December, 1842, old Dyonisius Weber, the founder of the Conservatorium, died, and the proper authorities advertised for candidates to fill his place as director. Thirteen candidates sent in their names—among them Spohr, Molique and Kittl—each accompanied with his "views of old and new music, and how both may best be united in a Conservatorium." While the matter was still in abeyance, Mendelssohn invited Kittl again to Leipzig, (January, 1843,) to direct his new symphony. He refused to direct, but was present at its performance. This work has been published at Mayence, and Marschner gave it in Hanover with success.

On the 16th of May, 1843, the decision in regard to the directorship of the Prague Conservatorium was made known, and Kittl proved to be the choice.

His first work, after the hard task of getting his duties as director into good working order, was a mass in C, (1844). After this he visited Italy. In Milan he was present at a performance of Verdi's "*Ernani*," in which the public saw fit to put down one of the singers. "Of the hissing, yelling, coughing, jeering, whistling and singing, with which every phrase of the unlucky one was accompanied, he had never until then had the faintest idea." Returning through Switzerland, he was just saved by his guide from falling from his horse—the saddle slipping—and being plunged down one of the awful precipices near the hospice of St. Bernard. Passing over the journeys which he has made, during the vacations of the Conservatorium, and which have extended as far as Stockholm,—sickness only prevented him from accepting an invitation to St. Petersburg,—and during which he has been received by the first musicians and composers as a worthy compeer, I come to his first opera.

In the autumn of 1846, he was in Dresden, and visited his old friend Richard Wagner. To the latter's question, "How goes it with you?" Kittl replied, "Not well." Many suffer from want of appetite, others from want of sleep—I from want of an opera text. "I will help you," said Wagner, "I have a text for you."

He accordingly read a manuscript, which he had written after a romance by König, entitled "*The noble Bride*." Kittl was delighted with it, and in course of a year, working evenings and nights upon it, he finished it, giving it the title "*Bianca and Guiseppe*." It was performed Feb. 19, 1848, at Prague, and the author had the satisfaction of having his first production for the stage prove a triumphant success. Then came the revolution, and there for a time was the end of theatrical triumphs.

In February, 1852, a second opera, the "*Wald-blume*" (Wild flower), met with a fair success and in April, 1854, the third, "*Die Bilderstürmer*."

In 1852, to go back, he was invited to Frankfurt am Main, to produce his hunting symphony, and his "*Bianca and Guiseppe*," or the "French before Nice. Both were successful.

So far as I know, Kittl's name is quite unknown in our concerts. I have not heard his music, but from what I have read and heard about it, I should judge that some of it, and especially his "hunting symphony," (*Jagdsinfonie*) would please an American audience.

(From the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.)

The Proscenium Papers.

No. II.

ARTIST-WORSHIP.

I was comparing the beautiful ensemble of white opera cloaks presented by an arc of the parquette circle, visible from our point of observation in the balcony, to a snow-drift, and the jewels sparkling in the mellow effulgence of the pendant bee-hive chandelier, to crystalline ice-points glistening in the garb of winter, when the sun stands at meridian. I was throwing off one of my brilliant similes, I repeat, when Miss Calliope Blink asked my opinion of Senti Mentali, the tenor.

"His *mezza voce* is the finest I have ever heard," I rejoined; *prætereâ nihil*. I know that he rarely interprets the meaning of the composer properly, for he *fortes* and *pianos* in proportion as he chances upon the

richest or weakest of his tones, regardless of the composer's expression marks. But I know that you, in common with an immense per centum of this audience, idolize him; and, let me assure you, that you frequent the opera less from an enthusiastic love for art, than from a positive infatuation for certain artists."

Here Mrs. Owlet Blink, who had been critically admiring an elegant point-lace sleeve near her, turned around and solicited me to repeat that which she had only partially heard.

"I was remarking, madam," I continued, "that the larger proportion of opera habitués frequent this refined amusement more from an infatuation for certain artists, than by reason of a genuine love of art; a fact which cannot fail to have its retarding influence upon the progress of musical taste and appreciation."

The matron had a clincher ready for my assertion. She had drawn herself up majestically and cleared her throat for it, but Lieutenant Flabber, of the Navy, who at that moment made his obeisance to her, drew the madam on to another tack, and I was rejoiced to address my remarks to Miss Calliope. The task of proving my assertion became just so much lighter, by the opportune arrival of the middle-aged Lieutenant, as it is easier to make an impression upon the intellect of a languishing, blue-eyed blonde of eighteen winters, than upon the settled and developed opinions of a matron of forty-five.

"Miss Blink," I said, "your musical talents are by no means despicable. Indeed, Signor Portamento, your singing-master, vows that nothing but a lack of proper application will prevent your eventually vocalizing the *Casta Diva* as flexibly as you now do the *Libiamo*. What you want, principally, is discrimination and a healthy taste, and these you can only acquire by studying carefully the compositions of judicious writers, and by according at least the same attention to the music of the various operas you hear, as you bestow upon the artists."

"How can an admiration for those who afford us pleasure possibly be avoided? Is it not natural?" exclaimed the damsel, with the triumphant air of a metaphysician.

"There is a sensible distinction between *admiration* and *infatuation*," was my reply. "I commend or condemn an artist by the criterions of vocalization, but never allow myself to be drawn into the popular *furor* for any individual. No more should you, Miss Blink. I feel a due regard for the achievements of the gifted *prima donna* who has wrought her natural voice into a marvel of flexibility and power; but I warm with enthusiasm for her just in proportion as she successfully interprets the thoughts of the poet and the *maestro*, clothed in the celestial breathings of melody, and by no means by reason of a handsome *personelle*, or of a few declamatory mannerisms, however impassioned. When you go to the opera, let it be for the improvement of your musical taste above all other considerations."

At that instant the curtain rose. The favorite tenor stood in the centre of a band of choristers, vocalizing the introductory chorus of the opera. An immense round of prolonged applause hailed the presence of the worshipped artist before he had sung a note, so deafening as to distort one of the composer's finest efforts into a hideous conglomeration of discordant and unmeaning sounds. How many from that brilliant audience received any impressions from that admirably conceived and developed chorus? Not my *chère amie*, Calliope, surely; for her pretty features seemed radiant with enthusiasm for the popular idol, as she closely scanned his triumphant presence with her pearl lorgnette.

"I do think," she fairly gasped with excitement, when, subsequently, the worshipped Senti Mentali had dropped from a long sustained minim to the keynote of his first *romanza*. "I do think no mortal man ever sang like that!" "Such mellowness!" "What a control of voice!" "What tenderness, expression, taste!" Her beautiful features were flushed with extraordinary excitement, and, as for Mrs. Owlet Blink, she closed her eyes for many moments, as in a delicious reverie. Lieutenant Flabber alone sat immovable, erect in his accustomed military rigidity, afraid to risk an opinion now, since his accomplished companion had checked him in the most timely manner, a moment before, when he was about to applaud a long *recitativo*, as dry as the desert of Sahara.

"Don't you rate that as a masterly effort?" finally appealed Miss Calliope to me.

"You must have observed that I applauded sufficiently to express my satisfaction at the manner in which it was sung," I answered; "and I wish you to give me your opinion of the *romanza* itself, at the conclusion of the present act."

"I am not a professed critic," retorted the pride of the Blinks, sharply; and therewith she levelled

her lorgnette more eagerly than ever at the popular idol. The Lieutenant donned a solemn air, seemed excessively bored, and muttered between his lips, that he would pay quadruple the price of admission to see Parodi upon the boards, as he had seen her prior to his last cruise, vocalizing the Star Spangled Banner under the folds of Columbia's flag. When the act had concluded, I pressed the charming Calliope for her opinion of the great tenor *romanza*, and ask of her whether she did not deem the *oboe obbligato*, which accompanied it, a happy thought of the *maestro*. Alas! if I had demanded her opinion of a Sanscrit rhyme, the beauty could not have been a whit more staggered. In her absorbing infatuation for the popular idol, she could give no account of the musical merits of the *morceau* itself.

"How do you ever expect to attain to a healthy discrimination at this rate, Miss?" I queried.

"Do you imagine, then," was her reply, "that the music of an opera makes no possible impression upon me? Don't I carry home with me the principal melodies? Don't I purchase and learn them?"—to which I rejoined—

"Exactly, as you obtain a general impression of an artistic painting, without discovering those deeper and more striking points of beauty, which lie hidden beneath the surface. Depend upon it, Miss, that the improvement of your taste and appreciation rests upon a regard for the music first, and for the artist, as the interpreter thereof, secondarily."

I found by the rapid attention now accorded to my teachings by the impressive Calliope, that these desultory observations were inaugurating a good work within her, and I continued, with warming enthusiasm—

"When I was a lad it was my blessed privilege to reside in a country town, settled by Germans and their descendants, for the most part, which boasted of the best Philharmonic Society outside the great cities of Philadelphia, Boston, and New York. The Director of said Association, finding in me an aptitude for music, placed in my hands a viola, and pressed me into the active service. It was the wont of the Society to tender to its subscribers three grand concerts during each season, either miscellaneous in their character, or distinguished by a performance of some grand oratorio. I well remember how, on rehearsal nights, we were wont, instrumentalists and choristers, to gather around a patriarchal old stove, to discuss the merits of the various compositions which we had undertaken. This was no mutual admiration society—but a gathering of art lovers, anxious for practical improvement and theoretical edification. The intrinsic merits of a Haydn *œuvre d'inspiration*, perchance, were the all-absorbing and prime theme of conversation, and had instrumentalist or vocalist distinguished him or herself in its performance, the proper meed of praise was extended to the deserving, in a quiet way, blended with the circulating remarks. And what was the result of a system of art-worship, thus carried on for years? Mark it well! A pure taste, correct inspiration, and in many instances, striking excellence of judgment and performance! Moreover, this little band of genuine Euterpean votaries leavened the entire population of the village, so that even striplings and girls came to form very excellent conclusions on matters of art at an early age—and the musical prestige of the romantic town of B—has been acknowledged throughout the land."

Just then the last act of the opera commenced with a noble aria for baritone, admirably conceived, by the composer, and most satisfactorily vocalized by Signor *Smania*. The audience received the effort coldly, especially Mrs. Owlet Blink and her daughter, while I applauded the *morceau* and the execution thereof. Here was a palpable and unerring proof of the assertion I had made at the outset; and I bestowed a searching glance at my female companions. The baritone aria presented even finer melodic and harmonic features than the tenor *romanza* before mentioned; but the difference in the applause was like as the surging of the mighty ocean to a ripple in a stagnant pond. Whence this marked dissimilarity? Not in the music, but in the *status* of the singers with the public. And how many in the vast crowd had any conception of the intrinsic merits of either of the two *pièces de résistance*? Are not the impressions which such like efforts should make upon the soul and the intellect of the auditors, shut out in the wild whirl of infatuation for a worshipped artist?

When the performance had ended, I found Miss Calliope Blink so seriously reflective as to afford me the brightest hopes of her approaching conversion from extreme artist worship to the more healthy musical condition, in which love of the art itself is of primary importance, while due consideration is accorded to the merits, personal and vocal, of individual artists. Confident I am, moreover, that a public

change in this regard would add immensely to promote a pure taste, and a generally correct discrimination. It seems clear to my mind that, when once people shall go to the opera, at least as much from a love of art as from artist preferences, an impetus must be given to taste which will indubitably place this fascinating amusement upon a permanent basis. As for Miss Blink, I repeat my hopes of her conversion, and inasmuch as I expect, eventually, to enter into a sacred covenant, "for better for worse" with her, I shall have a finer opportunity to mould her tastes, and to guide her musical progress, according to my own opinions, than I now enjoy in my present chaperoning capacity.

B. NATURAL.

German Music in America.

The love of music is characteristic of Germans everywhere, and they are exerting a perceptible influence in the United States to propagate a love for that art, without which a man is said to be "fit for treason, stratagems, and spoils." In this way they are no doubt, contributing much to refine social usages and to rationalize enjoyments, especially among that class of population which can indulge in the luxury of song, even though precluded from all others. The proficiency which Germans make in vocal music was aptly illustrated on a recent occasion, at Cooper Institute, when the American part of the audience gave expression to both delight and surprise, as the sweet harmonies rose in such volume and power from a promiscuous assemblage. And we have still more notable instances, occurring in connection with the centennial anniversary of Schiller's birth. Probably the musical festivities of the German Liederkrantz and Saengerbund, last Wednesday and Thursday evenings, were fully equal to anything of the kind ever given in this country. Among those present were Bancroft, the historian, William Cullen Bryant and several other prominent men.

Having reference to the desirability of cultivating a correct musical taste among all classes, it is worth while to inquire into the organization, management, &c., of German musical associations, as conducted here and elsewhere. There are in New York city not far from thirty German societies for the culture of music, all of which meet twice a week respectively for practice, and once a month as a "Saengerbund" (or association in which the whole are united,) to rehearse the larger choruses, requiring many voices; and the latter body convenes once a year in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore or Cincinnati, forming a national organization quite numerous and thoroughly disciplined.

This is in accordance with the custom observed in Europe, except that the cities of Germany afford a much wider circuit for rotation. The individual societies number from twenty to eighty members, each of whom pays an entrance fee of two dollars, and twenty-five cents per week subsequently, for the payment of the director. The latter is elected to hold office so long as his services are acceptable.

It is by such associations as these that Germans acquire celebrity as musicians. Their advantages in this country, however, are not equal to those enjoyed at home, where the ordinary occupations of the day are less engrossing. Moreover, in Prussia, at least, music is invariably made a part of common school education, it being customary to reserve one hour in the morning, immediately preceding the opening of the school, for musical practice.

Later in the day the blackboard is used for the study of the characters used in writing music. In this manner every youth is trained from earliest childhood, so that often the families of those most humble in life and indigent in circumstances produce musicians of the first rank. Germans ridicule the attempts of Americans to promote "congregational" singing, while the subject receives such superficial attention, especially in the early stages of education. Certainly we may imitate them in several essential particulars with advantage. The more we can place innocent methods of diversion within the reach of the less favored classes of population—that is to say, the great mass of the people—to that extent temptation to a vicious course of life will be diminished, and the interests of religion and morality promoted.—N. Y. Jour. of Com.

Inequality of Tone in Instruments.

It is often the case, in piano fortes and other instruments, that an inequality is perceived in the tones; sometimes in one tone as compared with another, and sometimes in several tones together, perhaps an octave, as compared with several tones in some other part of the instrument. Some of the tones have less power, purity, sonorousness and clearness than others, even in new instruments; and sometimes the tones lose in this respect with the lapse of time, and some

tones more than others. In stringed instruments, also, like the violin, it is sometimes the case that one or two of the strings sound with clearness, fullness and purity, while the tone of the others is dull, feeble and short.

The cause of this inequality of tone is, generally, some inequality in the sounding board; either an inequality in the thickness of the parts, or in their elasticity, or in their relative support.

In reed and other wind instruments, the fault is generally owing to a false proportion between the openings, the finger holes, &c., or to one part of the wood or metal being knottier or harder than other parts, and therefore less elastic. In these latter instruments, the fault is much more difficult of correction; since it is often the case that only one or two tones are bad, and any attempt at correcting them might do harm to the others. In the violin, violoncello, &c., an alteration of the sounding post, or a new bridge, a little higher or lower, wider or narrower, will often remedy the difficulty.

In the piano forte this inequality is much more difficult of cure, any farther than can be effected by the apparatus which regulates the keys, or where it is owing to the imperfect leathering of the hammers. This instrument is too complicated to attempt much beyond this, and yet of all instruments it exhibits this fault the most frequently; indeed, it sometimes happens that only two or three of the tones are woody, dull and shallow, while all the rest are good. The best piano forte makers cannot guarantee that this fault shall not exist in any one of their instruments, and they are all liable to be affected by time.

The same inequality of tone is also often found in the organ, and arises from a variety of causes. Persons intending to purchase an instrument of any kind, and wishing to procure a good one, will do well to have it carefully examined, previous to making the purchase, by one whose skill and experience render him competent to judge of their quality.

SERENADING A YOUNG LADY.—A newspaper tells the following:

"In my young days I was extravagantly fond of attending parties, and somewhat celebrated for playing on the flute. Hence it was generally expected that when an invitation was extended, my flute would accompany me.

"I visited a splendid party one evening, and was called upon to favor the company with a tune on the flute. I, of course, immediately complied with the request. The company appeared delighted; but more particularly so was a young lady, who raised her hands and exclaimed, it was most beautiful, delightful, &c. I, of course, was highly delighted, and immediately formed a resolution to serenade the young lady on the following night. I started the next night in company with several young friends and arrived, as I supposed, at the young lady's residence, but made a glorious mistake by getting under the window of an old Quaker.

"Now boys," said I, "behold the sentimentality of this young lady the moment I strike up the 'Last Rose of Summer.' I struck up, the window remained closed, and the boys began to smile.

"O, said I, that's nothing, it would not be in good taste to raise the window on the first air.

"I next struck up 'Old Robin Gray.' Still the window remained closed. The boys snickered, and I felt somewhat flat.

"Once more, boys, said I, and she must come. I struck up again—'My Love is like the red, red rose.' Still there was no demonstration.

"Boys, said I, she's a humbug. Let us sing 'Home, Sweet Home,' and if that don't bring her I'll give up.

"We struck up, and as we finished the last line the window was raised.

"That's the ticket, boys, I knew we could fetch her.

"But, instead of the beautiful young lady, it turned out to be the old Quaker, in his night cap and gown.

"Friend," said he, "there was singing of thy home—and if I recollect right, thee said there was no place like home; and if that is true, why don't thee go to thy home? There is not wanted here, thee nor thy company. Fare thee well."

"We, and our hats, went home."

Casting of the colossal statue of Mendelssohn.

On Tuesday, the colossal statue of the late Mendelssohn Bartholdy, modelled by Mr. Bacon, was cast in bronze at the works of Messrs. Robinson and Cottam, Lower Belgrave-place, Piccadilly, in the presence of many of the late composer's most eminent admirers and a large body of ladies, among whom was the relict of the revered and lamented Sir John Franklin.

The erection of a statue to the memory of Mendelssohn originated with the Sacred Harmonic Society

about seven years ago, the council of the society commencing the list by a donation of 50 guineas; but the idea had no sooner been promulgated than her Most Gracious Majesty transmitted a similar amount in furtherance of the objects of the society. Among the contributors also are to be found the names of Lady Caroline Cavendish, Sir George Smart, Mr. Costa, Miss Alexander, Mr. Buxton, and others, who were all most anxious to perpetuate the "man as he lived," and to pay their heartfelt tribute to his transcendent genius. Upwards of 400 guineas having been subscribed, the task of carrying the work into effect was entrusted to Mr. Bacon, and he immediately applied himself to produce an exact likeness of the great original, calling to his aid portraits in the possession of Mr. Buxton and Miss Alexander, and assisted by the vivid recollections of Mendelssohn's most intimate friends. The fidelity of the likeness and the close resemblance of the costume worn by the composer were the theme of universal approbation, and while the model was in progress it was inspected by the Prince Consort, who was pleased to express the great satisfaction he had experienced in viewing so faithful a counterpart of the illustrious original.

The method of casting the statue, which is upwards of eight feet in height, is peculiar to the establishment of Messrs. Robinson and Cottam, for, while it used to be the practice to cast large statues piecemeal, by an improved plan they are now cast entire. The preparations consisted of a large iron case, bound and rivetted together, and built on the floor, of such dimensions as to allow the reception of the full length figure in a horizontal position. Immense furnaces charged with metal were heated to a degree which it would be difficult to define, and at a given signal an opening was made, and truly and literally the liquid fire poured in one vast stream into a large iron cauldron placed for its reception, into which the contents of two other cauldrons from other furnaces were poured, to form the required composition of metal. This immense cauldron of mixed metal, containing nearly two tons, was then raised by machinery, and when immediately over the mould it was tilted into a large receiver, communicating with the mould beneath. A wheel was then turned, and immediately there was a gurgling and gushing of the flaming liquid through about fifty channels, conveying it simultaneously to every part of the horizontal figure beneath. It was somewhat curious to watch the skimming process, which went on while the metal was in a state of fusion, so that no unsightly excrescences might appear on the surface of the casting. After the lapse of a few minutes the workmen commenced knocking away the frame-work and block mould, but it will be a day or two before the statue is completely cleared. It is believed, however, the work was most successfully performed.

The quantity of metal used in the statue is about a ton and a half; it will stand eight feet high, and will be elevated on a granite pedestal. With respect to the site on which the statue will be placed, application has been made to her Majesty's government to allow it to be placed in the Mall in St. James's Park, but the answer has not been received.—*London Musical World*, Nov. 26.

Carl Reissiger.

(From the *London Musical World*, Nov. 26.)

Scarcely is the ink dry which chronicled the demise of one of the giants of music—the grand composer, Spohr—than it becomes our duty to record another, though inferior yet not indifferent, loss in the same domain of art. Karl Theophilus Reissiger, *Kapellmeister* to His Majesty the King of Saxony, departed this life at Dresden, on the 7th instant, at the age of sixty-one—having been born Nov. 31, 1798 (at Betzig, near Wittenberg.)

Some years ago, when not merely amateurs but professors of the average stamp were much less ambitious, the death of this composer would have caused a deeper sensation than it is likely to do at present. The trios of Reissiger, for piano forte, violin, and violoncello, were, at one time, as much the delight of *dilettante*-circles as, in the last century, the string quartets of Ignace Pleyel.* They were tuneful, fluent, well-written, effective for all three instruments, and not by any means difficult to play—sensible music, in short, at once grateful to performers and agreeable to their

*Father of the late Camille Pleyel, who was Mad. Pleyel's husband and the Broadwood of France. Ignace Pleyel, at one period, enjoyed such renown as a composer of symphonies for the orchestra, and sonatas and quartets for the chamber, as to maintain a sort of rivalry even with Mozart and Haydn. How few of his works are now remembered!

hearers. Somehow, nevertheless, their vogue has pretty nigh passed away; and, excellent as these things were of their kind, fulfilling thoroughly the aim of their composer—which was to attract by simple means and please without perplexing—they are now, except in some few part-worshipping holes and corners, where a taste once adopted is never changed or modified, without exception forgotten. Whether, from a certain point of view, they have been worthily replaced, and whether Reissiger, in his unambitious sphere, had not merit and usefulness—ay, even beauty and charm—enough to warrant his being preserved from oblivion, are questions worth considering. For our own part, we own to a large measure of respect for such unpretending and at the same time able workers—men who, perfectly conscious of the limits that bind their inventive capacity, modestly labor within their sphere, never attempting to travel beyond it. The decline of Reissiger's influence may be in a great degree traced to the revival of the music of some of his immediate predecessors, whom the world has only lately begun to acknowledge had been most unjustly neglected. The composers of chamber-music, contemporary with and at the head of whom flourished Dussek, were formed of elements of a more solid stamp than those from which sprung the peculiar talent of Reissiger. Now, at this actual period, Dussek, and some few of his followers, absorb a very serious amount of attention—so much so, indeed, that care must be taken, lest, in placing them on too lofty a pedestal, they stand in danger of toppling over. Dussek may be regarded as secure, place him high as we think expedient, because he was a man of *genius*; and so, perhaps, may Clementi, who, less genial, imaginative, and ideally prolific, was even a greater master; but a distinction should be made between such rare phenomena and "appearances" (to use the German term) of less characteristic individuality and creative power. To glance at higher regions; there has been, and even now there is, a mania for ranking the Jonsons, Websters, Fords, and Dekkers, alongside of Shakespeare—an error more pernicious, because of more intellectual importance, but hardly less radical than that of measuring Steibelt, Wölfl, and the rest with the two we have named. By the side of some of these Reissiger might fairly appeal for sympathy; for, while undoubtedly Steibelt had genius, Wölfl learning, and Reissiger in a strict sense neither; while they were decidedly original, and he nothing of the sort; Reissiger had, nevertheless, the merit of doing his best with such assiduity, with such conscientious adherence to what he believed was right and good, through so long a period of years, that what were essentially but slight materials, of little intrinsic value, in the end became moulded into such form and consistency as to represent a style that none could fail to recognize.

In other spheres than that of chamber music, though even more prolific, Reissiger is hardly known even to his admirers in this country. A few orchestral overtures (*Yelva* at the head of them) were familiar to our suburban and provincial music societies; the rest, so far as musical England is concerned, might have been left unwritten. And yet Reissiger composed many operas, some of which were eminently successful when first produced, although not one of them (to speak in conventional language) seems to have "kept the stage." *Die Felsenmühle* (the *Mill of the Rock*), produced at Dresden, in 1831, was received with equal favor at Leipzig, Berlin, Copenhagen, and other cities. Previous to this must be reckoned *Didone Abandonnata*, an Italian opera seria (1824); *Yelva*, a musical melodrama (1827), to the overture of which allusion has been made; *Libella*, a grand opera (1828); *Turandot*, a romantic opera (1835); *Adele von Foix* (1841); the *Shipwreck of the Medusa* (1846), &c. Besides these Reissiger wrote an oratorio called *David*; several grand masses for the chapel of the King of Saxony; an orchestral symphony in E flat; and a whole catalogue of minor compositions, vocal and instrumental, so that it cannot be said of him that he wasted the resources with which he may have been endowed,

THE MAY QUEEN.

9

(E) TROMBE.

CORNI.

(F)

THE MAY QUEEN.



THE MAY QUEEN.

11

First system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Key signature: three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The system includes dynamic markings *sf*, *p*, *Cres.*, and *Sempre.*. A note in the treble staff is marked with a circled *(G)*.

Second system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Dynamic markings include *p*, *pp*, and *pp*.

Third system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Dynamic marking includes *Espress.*

Fourth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. This system contains no dynamic markings.

Fifth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Dynamic marking includes *pp*. A note in the treble staff is marked with a circled *(H)*.

Sixth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Dynamic marking includes *Cres.*

Seventh system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Dynamic markings include *p* and *Cres.*

This musical score is for a piece titled "THE MAY QUEEN." It is a piano arrangement in D major, consisting of seven systems of two staves each. The notation includes various musical symbols such as treble and bass clefs, key signatures (two sharps), time signatures (4/4), and dynamic markings like *ff* (fortissimo). The score features a variety of musical textures, including arpeggiated chords, flowing sixteenth-note passages, and sustained harmonic blocks. Specific performance instructions are noted, including "(1)" for a first ending, "L. H." for the left hand, and "(K)" for a key signature change. The piece concludes with a final chord in the right hand.

or spent an idle, thriftless life. As a *chef-d'orchestre*, moreover, he enjoyed a considerable reputation; while as a man individually he was universally liked and respected.

We cannot perhaps more appropriately terminate this brief tribute to the memory of Reissiger than by narrating the *real* history (according to his own version) of the pleasing and well-known bagatelle which so long deceived the musical world under the title of *Weber's Last Waltz*. The following is a translation of the letter addressed by the genuine author of the tune to M. Parmentier (formerly one of the writers in the *Revue et Gazette Musicale de Paris*), Oct. 9th, 1846:—

"The *Last Waltz of Weber*, published in Germany, and also in Paris, a short time after the death of the celebrated Weber, towards the end of 1826, is nothing more (as I have on several occasions stated in the musical periodicals of the time) than one of the waltzes composed by me in 1823, and published in 1824, by Peters, at Leipsic, under the title of *Twelve Brilliant Waltzes in A flat*, Op. 26. The publisher, Peters, ten years ago, also stated this fact in the public journals, and the result was that the waltz in question has since been entitled *Waltz by Reissiger*—known as the *Last Waltz of Weber*. I am not aware how it happened that one of my waltzes was used in this manner; but it is certain that it was a speculation of music-sellers, and a veritable fraud. My friend Weber had often heard me play this waltz (at Leipsic, in 1823); and I also know that it pleased him very much, and that he himself played it very often. I am not aware that he ever played it in Paris, but it is probable he did."

The same unworthy hoax was practised—and for a time not less successfully—with a waltz by Schubert, under the title of *Beethoven's Last Waltz*. Subsequently, in fact, the trick was multiplied to such an extent, that no composer, however humble his merits, presuming that he had attained to some slight degree of public notoriety, was allowed to be dead and buried a week without the sudden appearance of his *Last Waltz*; till at length people's eyes were opened, and the last "*Last Waltz*" (we forget to whom attributed,) was unanimously scouted.

Music Abroad.

Germany.

COLOGNE, Nov. 26.—The second Gesellschaft's Concert was given in the Gürzenich, under the direction of Herr Ferdinand Hiller, on Thursday, the 10th inst. All the pieces performed on the occasion had some connection with Schiller's poetry. Robert Schumann's overture to *Die Braut von Messina*, a composition which some critics boldly class among the most important orchestral works of modern times was admirably executed. It was, perhaps, the first work by Schumann ever received here with lively satisfaction. Herr Ferdinand Hiller had scored for a full band, in a very pleasing manner, two songs by Schubert for one voice with pianoforte accompaniment: "Des Mädchens Klage" (alto), and "Die Erwartung" (tenor). The latter especially, will probably become, in this shape, a favorite with concert singers. Mlle. Francisca Schreck sang the first with well-merited applause; Herr Wolters gave "Die Erwartung," also with success.

The *Festival-Cantata*, by Herr Ferdinand Hiller, comprises seven or eight different movements, and, apart from its original object, is well adapted for concerts, especially as we are not very rich in vocal productions of a moderate length with orchestral accompaniment. It requires a solo quartet, the soprano part of which is the most important, although not difficult. On the whole, the work pleases by its melodic excellences, and contains, especially in the first half, and at the end, very striking passages—among the rest a solo quartet, which had not a fair chance of being appreciated, on account of the great difference in the quality of the voices.

The performance of Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony* again displayed in a brilliant light the excellence of the Concert-Gesellschaft Chorus. The admirable manner in which the choruses were rendered was not owing to a thorough course of rehearsals, for which there had been no time, but to the musical education of the executants, and the spirit that inspires them whenever they are called upon to interpret the works of our great masters. In Beethoven's symphony, however, as in Hiller's *cantata*, the solo quartet was

by no means efficient. The orchestral movements gave entire satisfaction, the *adagio* especially being played to perfection.

Spohr's Symphony: *Die Weihe der Töne* was given in honor of the memory of that great musician, on the 13th instant, by the Musikalische Gesellschaft; Herr Otto von Königsblow then played one of the master's violin concertos; and the performances terminated with the Overture to *Jessonda*.

The Soirées for Chamber Music recommenced on Tuesday, the 15th instant, at the Hôtel Disch. During their continuance, Herren F. Stiller, F. Breunung, and Bargiel, will, in turn, preside at the piano; Herren Grunwald, Von Königsblow, Derckum, and B. Breuer, will form the string quartet, while, in the quintet they will be aided by Herr Peters (violin), or Herr Hoecke (violinello). At the first *soirée*, we had a violin quartet in B flat major, by Haydn; a sonata for piano and violin, by J. S. Bach, No. 2. A major, (Hiller and von Königsblow); the string quartet, in C major, of Franz Schubert (with two violinellos, Breuer and Hoecke), and the *Serenade* for piano, violin, and violinello, by F. Miller, (Hiller, Königsblow, and Breuer).

CASSEL.—It is in contemplation to found a Spohr Institute at this little capital, on the model of the Mozart Institute at Cologne.

The late Dr. Spohr.—Letters from Cassel state that the MS. of an autobiography of this celebrated musician has been found among his papers in his own handwriting, and that it will be immediately published.

LEIPZIG.—Herr J. Rietz, Capellmeister and conductor of the Gewandhaus Concerts, has relinquished the post which he has held since the death of Mendelssohn, and accepted the place at Dresden left vacant by the death of Reissiger.

BREMEN.—At the first of the "Private Concerts," as they are termed, M. Vieuxtemps executed his Concerto in D minor, as well as several other of his own compositions, including, "Oh, Willie, we have missed you." Mad. Clara Schumann played the A minor concerto of R. Schumann, Chopin's *Fantaisie Impromptu*, in C sharp minor, Schumann's "Schlummerlied," Op. 24, and Bach's *Gavotte* in D minor, the latter being enthusiastically encored.

Paris.

Of the recent revival of Gluck's *Orpheus*, at the Théâtre Lyrique, the correspondent of the London *Musical World* writes:

It has long been the fashion to talk and think of Gluck as "heavy," and to believe his works would not bear representing as a whole. M. Carvalho, who is in every sense of the word an artist, has had the energy to bring the *Orphée* again before the world in such enchanting guise, that the perfect success with which his efforts have been crowned, must prove at once how mistaken such notions have been. M. Carvalho, wishing to give this opera of Gluck's in all its pristine grandeur to the world, begged Berlioz—who, above most others, is versed in a thorough knowledge of the productions of Gluck—to so combine the Italian and French scores as to give the opera to the world in its most complete and perfect form. Berlioz accepted the task with alacrity. They told him the instrumental part of one air was insufficient, but he, fearing to touch such a *chef-d'œuvre*, refused; but a skilful though less discreet hand added the instrumental part.

To give some idea of the work all this has given, one must recollect that the *Orphée* was first written at Vienna, in 1764, to the libretto of the poet Calzadigi, who, without possessing the glowing power of description of Metastasio, understood perhaps even better the art of allying scenes to music, and furnishing dramatic situations. Some time later, Gluck wished to have done for *Orphée* that which had been done to *Iphigénie* and *Alceste*, that is to say, to have it translated into French. A person named Molina, undertook this work. But the part of Orpheus in the Italian score being written for a contralto, was obliged to be transposed to suit an alto voice, the voice, in fact, of Legros, the only singer at that moment in France who was capable of filling the principal part. You may imagine the variety of alterations this occasioned in the whole work, and how this part of Orpheus, having been given to Mad. Viardot, they have been obliged to re-transpose in the Italian score the songs that already figured there, and also to turn into contralto tones the airs for the same character which belonged only to the French score; so it follows that not even in the lifetime of Gluck has the opera ever been performed in so complete and perfect a form.

The only thing left slightly in the shade was the overture, and really it does not merit being brought more prominently forward. Nothing can be more

poetical than the melody in E flat, on the violins, in the opening scene, where the shepherds and nymphs come to strew flowers over the tomb of Eurydice, followed by the air of Orpheus, "Objet de mon amour." Then follows a charming air of Amour, who comes to console Orpheus, telling him he will subdue the infernal gods, and after a recitative taken from the Italian score, Orpheus sings a bravura air descriptive of glowing hope, an air Adolphe Nourrit never could sing, and to which M. Camille de Saint-Saëns has added more instrumental accompaniment. But it would have done well without this addition, and Mad. Viardot sings it with extraordinary feeling and passion.

The first act ends here. The second, for scenery and music, is equally marvellous. The exquisite gradations of sound—the effect of the thrilling tones of Orpheus as, while he traverses the infernal regions, little by little, the demons yield subdued to the power of melody, quite merit the praise of M. Fétis, who says, "It is in this second act that Gluck attained the highest point of the sublime." But the succeeding scene shows another phase of his talent—the happiness that reigns in the Elysian Fields shows with what happy art he joins animation to melody. The air for flute in D minor, and the song of Orpheus, "Quel nouveau ciel pare ces lieux," are the gems of this scene.

It is decidedly a success. Madame Viardot surpasses herself in this part. Melancholy, heroic, impassioned, sublime in sorrow, sublime in love, we see realized before us the Orpheus of the ancients. I should, perhaps, mention that it is Meyerbeer who suggested to Madame Viardot the idea of playing this part.

Dec. 1. (From the Same.)—The event of the greatest interest at the present moment is the performance that is to take place on Thursday, the 15th of December, at the Grand-Opéra, to celebrate the re-appearance of M. Roger, to the great delight of his numerous friends and admirers. The entertainment will run thus: Roger will sing the first act of the *Dame Blanche*, an opera in which he won his earliest laurels. He will next sing the fifth act of the *Prophète*, assisted by Mad. Alboni; and the fourth act of the *Favorita*, with Madame Borghi-Mamo. After that, Duprez, Madame Miolan-Carvalho, and M. Dufresne, will sing the grand trio scene of *La Juive*. There will be also, to add still greater interest to the entertainment, some solo singing, by Mad. Miolan Carvalho; she will give the *Carnaval de Venise*, and then the *Ave Maria* of M. Gounod upon the *prélude de Bach*, accompanied by a chorus, orchestra, and the violin of M. Alard, who will also perform a solo; a ballet is to follow.

All Paris goes to see the *Orphée* of Gluck at the Théâtre-Lyrique, which is alternated with performances of *Faust*.

I shall give you but very few details as to the *Général de Brabant* of M. Offenbach (libretto by MM. Jaime fils and Trefeu.) The legend they have most wofully distorted, taking from it its charming simplicity of detail, which has so often charmed children, "great and small." But as it is a burlesque I must not criticize too harshly, but pass on to the music, which is charming, one or two airs being full of melody, others equally remarkable for spirit and life. Of the *finale* of the first act, the departure for Palestine, which is worthy of the Grand-Opéra, M. Alphonse Royer said, in leaving the theatre, "Ah! Offenbach is practising his hand for us." Three "motifs" balance each other in this chorus, a war song, a joyous strain, and the farewells of the women, all intermixed with the trumpet calls. In the second act there is a charming little hunting quartet; the Gipsy-song of Madlle. Tantin, "Je viens de bien loin d'ici," was much applauded. This little operetta is decidedly a success. The costumes, also, are beautiful, and were designed by Gustave Doré. The great Meyerbeer and the Grande Duchesse Marie were at the second representation, besides Jules Janin, and a crowd of Parisian celebrities.

At the Church of St. Fustache, a musical solemnity in aid of the funds for musicians, was given last Tuesday. The music performed was a work of Mozart, the Third Mass in B flat, and admirably sung by Mesdames Carvalho, Ugalde, &c., and a band of five hundred artists. The collection rose to as much as five thousand francs.

London.

(From the Musical World, Dec. 10.)

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—In a recent number it was briefly mentioned that this society had commenced its season on Friday the 25th instant, with a performance of Spohr's *Last Judgment* and

Mozart's *Requiem*, the former being given as a special mark of respect to the memory of its gifted composer, who, it will be remembered, died on October 22d, at Hesse-Cassel. Of the general execution of both works we can speak in terms of almost unqualified praise, soloists, band and chorus, all doing their best to render justice to the music, and with perfect success.

The Hall was crowded, and, notwithstanding the regulations, the scarcely suppressed applause frequently testified the satisfaction of the audience.

The Messiah was given yesterday evening, when Mr. Sims Reeves was to appear.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.—Mendelssohn's *Elijah* was given on Wednesday last to a crowded audience, who seemed fully to appreciate its beauties, if we may judge by the profound attention with which it was listened to, and the frequent and hearty applause—the law of Exeter Hall not holding good in Long Acre. The band was full and efficient, while the chorus, consisting of members of Mr. Hullah's First Upper Singing School manifested great care and commendable excellence, doing every credit to the training of their conductor. Nevertheless, we must object to Mr. Hullah's taking some of the times too slowly, as Mendelssohn's, of all music, suffers the most from being dragged.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 7, 1860.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. Continuation of W. STERNDALE BENNETT'S Cantata: "The May Queen."

Boston Academy of Music.

Such is the new name under which what was the Boston Theatre, has been announced this week. This change is made, as we suppose, to bring it into line and system with the lyrical "Academies" of Philadelphia and New York—all three institutions being now under the common management of Messrs. ULLMAN & STRAKOSCH, whose troupes of singers make the circuit of the three. Just now we have them. The winter season was inaugurated last Monday night, by the first shining of the new and immense chandelier, of which we have already spoken, which was the central sun of admiration, beneath which the vocal stars upon the stage became for the time being secondary. For verily the splendor thereof was bewilderingly bright; the house was flooded with light, that searched out every corner; theatre and audience never looked so finely, and the chandelier itself is a most beautiful object. They call it the largest in any theatre in the world. It may be so. One thing we know, it is a trial to weak eyes and aching heads. But brilliancy, and not repose, is the first attribute of Art, the first thing sought in all artistic pleasures, in these "fast" and intense days of Verdi-ism. A new Verdi Opera, therefore, was the fitting programme of the all-dazzling occasion.

It was Verdi's great Parisian effort, "The Sicilian Vespers." Great effort—but not great result. Like Rossini, Donizetti, Meyerbeer, it became his turn to try to make his great impression there, and swell out to Grand Opera dimensions. An account of the first performance, with an able description and critical analysis of the work, we have already given in these columns, from the pen of M. SCUDO, (see Vol. xv. Nos. 24 and 25). Our correspondents also have described it, so that we need not undertake that work anew. Our general impression, after a first hearing, is that M. Scudo has awarded it its full due of praise. We had heard much of its being in a new vein for Verdi, richer and more delicate in ideas and in treatment. In this we

were quite disappointed. The novelty was more in spectacle, in stage effect, than in the music; with the addition that the orchestral element seemed more, and more questionably, elaborate, than ever. We have long thought there was a natural affinity between Verdi and Meyerbeer; this time we feel disposed to accuse Verdi of purposely striving to do like Meyerbeer. The "Vespers" abounds with strange orchestral combinations and effects, now and then for a few bars beautiful or grand, but oftener more odd than edifying, and sometimes puzzling one exceedingly to guess what the peculiar figure or independent melody of the instruments has to do with what was sung upon the stage. We can sympathize with a remark we heard made by a listener: "It seems as if he made it a point to give weird and solemn accompaniments to all the light airs, and light, festive accompaniments to all the mournful ones."

As to melodies, we have throughout the opera the usual Verdi types repeated—of course without the freshness of the earlier works. Some of them afford good occasions for the singer; as the bass air (soliloquy) of Procida, as he steps ashore at the opening of the second act; the duos between Montfort and Henry, and between the Duchess and Henry in the fourth act; the Bolero of Helen in the last act, &c. In many of the solos there were short strains of beauty and of sweetness; but the sweetness often had the taint of maudlin commonplace; and this was the poor relief we got between those long melodic spasms of high-darting passage work, bravura, with which Verdi does so love to whip the air. Mme. COLSON's first solo was of this sort, full of trills, and upward flashes of the voice, and every sort of difficulty, without much beauty apart from mere vocalization; we wondered how her refined and lady-like voice could go through such gymnastics; but she achieved them quite triumphantly. There were a few good bits of concerted music,—one quartet especially, a strong conclusion of a trio,—and one or two finales that were striking, but not to be compared in real effectiveness with all those in *Ernani*. The gay Barcarole chorus of women carried off by soldiers, crossing the back of the stage in an illuminated galley, and which is heard in curious combination with the muttered fragmentary phrases of imprecation from the male chorus (bereft husbands, sons, &c.) in the foreground, is perhaps the most genial and original of all. The male chorus es generally have that barbaric stamp, that unison recitative style so common with Verdi:—sometimes striking for a moment, but fatiguing and offensive when indulged in at much length. On the whole we should say, here is a great sacrifice of the intrinsic charm of music to the dramatic element, without corresponding gain to the latter. Some of the instrumental pieces proved interesting; some dance music, (in which Verdi is usually happy), particularly so,—that Tarantella for instance; but not so the Overture; its softer portions are sick music, too suggestive of the *Traviata*.

We think the "Vespers" failed to awaken enthusiasm in the audience. Leaving out the show (for the *mise en scène* was rich), and the interest in the singers individually, it seemed a rather dreary entertainment—by no means Verdi's best, although his most ambitious.

Mme. COLSON, as the duchess Helen, sang and

acted with her never-failing propriety and charm; her voice, at first seeming, rather delicate for Verdi, gradually winning on us as she warmed up in her part. The duet with BRIGNOLI (Henry) was exquisitely sung. Sig. JUNCA made an imposing John of Procida, and delivered his music artistically, with grand voice, albeit rather coldly. Sig. FERRI has a baritone of very great power, rich and musical in quality, which he modulates at times to strains of much delicacy and tenderness, although he is too apt to indulge in the overpowering. His intonation is true, and his style artistic. He has a commanding presence, which suited well his rôle of Guy de Montfort, the French tyrant of Sicily.

There was a very large audience, eager to be pleased, and quickly recognizing what was good, but not much warmed. "The Vespers" will be performed again, and we shall try to find more in it.

SECOND NIGHT. *Lucia di Lammermoor* was given Tuesday evening, and its hacknied strains seemed positively refreshing after *Les Vêpres Siciliennes*! Here at least was something genuine and spontaneous in music. The performance was of average excellence, BRIGNOLI being Edgardo, and Ashton having swollen into a huge "ton of man," AMODIO. The lazy tenor gave us some of his best moments; he has tones of real manly beauty, when he pleases, and he has tones that are nasal and of pinched and vulgar quality; now and then will he emerge from this lower element and through a passage, or a whole air, give you pure, golden and expressive tenor singing. In his best, he sounds more like Mario than any tenor we have known.

The central and absorbing feature of the opera that night was the performance of the newly famous ADELINA PATTI—"little PATTI." A young girl, a mere child in appearance, slender, dark and beautiful, a delicate copy of her sister, Mme. Strakosch, with all the simplicity and natural enthusiasm of a child, she sang and even acted the part of Lucy with an ease, a truthfulness, and an artistic finish, that astonished and delighted every one, and suggested very high comparisons. That she sings as well as Lind and Bosio and Sontag is of course one of the extravaganzas of New York critics, proving, however, the real enthusiasm she created. Her voice is a delicate, pure, reedy, sympathetically vibrating soprano, very evenly developed, from brightest notes in *alt* to good positive low tones of passion. Throughout, its quality has native refinement, as if given her for fine, high uses, and not for cheap dramatic intensities or dazzling feats of mere skill. She really seems destined for an artist; she shows grace of nature. It must be by a superior instinct partly, although of course at the same time creditable in the highest degree to her education, that she can sing you all the music of so difficult a part as Lucia, in a manner almost as artistically satisfying, as her fresh, maiden-like, sincere devotion to her task is charming. The freshness and vitality of such a voice, of such a nature, united with such delicacy, such instincts of good taste, is reviving to one's faith. Her execution is certainly most wonderful for one so young,—so perfect that you continually forget to think it strange. There is an evenness and symmetry in all her voice achieves, which one expects only of high artists. This was strikingly

apparent in her singing of *Spargi d'amor*, and indeed the whole of the crazy scene. We usually dread that scene; most prima donnas make it maudlin, and we squirm under it. But here a young girl gives it, both in song and action, in a manner that well satisfies its requirements, while there is nothing overdone, no nonsense about it, but all agreeable and not offending the artistic feeling.

In the great scene of the betrothal, the Sextet, she showed good dramatic qualities, an intensity remarkable for one so young, and her voice rose clear and effective above the whole mass of voices and instruments. Of course her acting cannot be called impassioned; it is chaste and simple, youthful as it should be; thank Heaven, she has not yet caught the trick of premature impassioned utterance! Nor can we call her action or her movement graceful; but it was all appropriate and well conceived. True to her part in all, she added nothing, and no applause could draw her out of her character to make acknowledgements; that was a good sign.

Whether she really have the heavenly gift of genius, is a question which we need not be impatient to have answered. So far all is good; may it only keep a good direction! The most important question is: Will the voice wear well? It is of that same reedy quality as her sister's, only finer, and one trembles lest by overworking it get ruined. Total abstinence from Verdi would seem at least a prudent maxim for her. With these hints we must congratulate the management upon the treasure they have got in little Patti.

THIRD NIGHT. On Wednesday we enjoyed about the best performance we remember of *Ernani*. Four such artists as Mme. COLSON, and Signors STIGELLI, FERRI and SUSINI, have seldom sung together here in any opera; all admirable singers, and of goodly presence too. It was all well sung. Stigelli, if there were any doubt of it before, established himself that night as a right manly, satisfying and artistic tenor. His voice, German though he be, was fully adequate to all the demands of the trying Verdi music; all was delivered in rich, honest chest tones; there were moments of superb *abandon*, while true artistic feeling and good judgment tempered all. He is awkward in appearance; but his mind and voice triumphed in spite of that. Our friend Brignoli might, were he morally capable, learn some good lessons from this man.

The basso SUSINI made a dignified Don Sylva, and delivered his round ponderous tones in excellent style. Sig. FERRI, too, was a stately and effective Carlo Quinto, singing nobly, only at times too overpoweringly. The choruses, also, were in fine mood, and the brilliant finales, — either of them enough to obliterate the "Vespers" — were performed superbly.

But we are leaving out the eyes of the per trait. The charming COLSON was never more so than in the part of Elvira; her voice, her singing and her action were throughout as purely edifying as that music would allow. She is an artist, one feels always sure of.

A MUSICAL NOVEL.—We have dipped here and there with great pleasure into the sheets of a new novel, just about to be published by Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia. It is called

"*Compensation; or, Always a Future.*" The author is Miss ANNE M. H. BREWSTER, a Philadelphia lady, of fine culture, and evidently some depth of experience, who is devotedly at home in the best music, a wide reader, a passionate lover of nature and of art generally, and who has furnished some very interesting sketches during the year past to these columns. It is her first book, but shows the practised writer, and one who has lived much and observed much in spheres of higher culture.

The scene of the story is in Switzerland. It shows fine feeling for nature; insight into characters, with a happy gift of portraying them; a deep religious feeling; and a keen zest for all that is æsthetic, even in the minor every-day details of life, but most of all for music, in interesting and original discussions and descriptions of which the book abounds. We have room now only for a single extract:

Ehrenherz drew his bow over his Stradivarius, and soft, pleading tones poured out from it, which thrilled us to the very heart; our thoughts grew tearful and sad, as he improvised from his own memories of the past. After awhile, Mr. Merle and Tante Cecile left us, and he laid down the instrument, and, leaning his head on his hand, said, half reproachfully: "Mademoiselle Merle, you have never played Beethoven for me."

"Because," answered Marie, "I have not dared to."

"And yet you play Chopin for me without timidity?"

"Yes; because Chopin had not yet grown so trammelled with conceits and traditions of pedants. In another twenty-five years one will feel timid in playing Chopin."

"What a wide difference there is between the music of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Mendelssohn and Chopin!" said Ehrenherz; "and each so beautiful in his own peculiar *genre*, each one telling his own tale of 'hopes, and fears that kindle hopes!'"

"De Lanz," I remarked, "that clever Russian writer, says, 'that Haydn's loves end in hymeneals, and Mozart's in festivals.'"

"That is a pretty idea!" cried Marie; "then Weber's end in a wedding also; but not a wedding like Haydn's; it is during the age of chivalry, and the lover is a princely, valorous knight, and his lady love some gentle, lovely young Chatelaine. Mendelssohn's loves are also satisfactory, ending in lawful, honorable marriage, but more calm and domestic."

Ehrenherz smiled sadly, as he added his tribute to our fanciful comparisons: "But Beethoven's loves," he said, "lead to no such happiness; they follow a solemn harmony which seems to descend to a tomb. Sometimes they tell, indistinctly, of a sad, mournful tragedy, too awful to give in detail, and over which his profound chords draw a heavy veil; sometimes a glorious, funeral hymn, as if mourning for a love that gave one pride to dwell upon."

"Chopin's loves," said Marie, "lead also to the tomb, but not a hopeful tomb, like Beethoven's; a wild cry of despair rings out, as if there were no hope of meeting hereafter; then a sob of remorseful agony, as if the love had been for a lost spirit. Never, never do his loves lead to the belief that his better nature had been gratified or elevated by them. What wild cries of sorrow pour out in his Nocturnes; what despair in his Scherzos, and hopelessness in his Preludes! This, *par exemple*,"—and she played over the touching, beautiful Prelude in Re bémol, through the whole of which one feels "the old wound, ever aching." "What solemn tales of remorse they tell!" she continued; "of a high-toned spirit, humiliated and abased at the desecration of that one feeling, which should never be profaned! And then it seems as if through all the wailing there rises gloriously, from time to time, a heavenly strain, breathing out: 'thus could my spirit have loved, had my baser nature let it soar aloft.' Sometimes the melody sounds like the cry of a Francesca di Rimini; the accessories of the composition suggest the cloudy depths of an *Inferno*, and through the gloomy space sweep those two weary souls, with 'no loving prayer to stay them,' solemnly chanting their lost heaven, their bitter remorse, and yet their mournful happiness even in hell,—

"placer si forte,
Che come veill ancor non m'abbandona."

We both remained silent; we could not speak, for we were so touched with the enthusiastic girl's tone of voice and sweet, young, solemn face, both expressing deep, sincere emotion and feeling, which is woman's most powerful eloquence. Her hands ramb-

led over the keys of the piano as if searching for some thought. Chopin's wild *Lament* came stealing out first, with its choking, proud sorrow; then, after a short preluding of chords, filled with uncertainty, she dashed off into one of Chopin's wildest Pyrrhic Polonaises.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, JAN. 3.—I promised, in my last, to give you a résumé of Mr. SCHLOTTER's lectures on Music; as, on account of the holidays, the first half of the course is divided from the second by a pause, I shall try to give you an outline of the first six now. In the first lecture, M. Schlotter gave a hasty, yet comprehensive sketch of the history of Music, from the Christian era to the sixteenth century. He said that our present system of Music was generally supposed to have originated with the Greeks, but in his opinion, this was a mistake. The Greek Music died in its infancy, a lovely child, but incapable of maturity. As long as any of its elements were mingled with those of our music, so long was the development of the latter retarded, and it only improved in proportion as the influence of ancient music died away. Music, as we know it, had its origin in the catacombs and caves in which the early Christians held their secret assemblies. The rude chants to which they adapted their hymns soon, by frequent repetition, became form, and in the fourth century a number of these were in general use. St. Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, born 333, was the principal founder of regular chants, and also established four scales, from d—d, e—e, f—f, and g—g. The next collector and compiler of church music, the only kind then in use, was St. Gregory, who lived during the sixth century. He added four more scales to those fixed by St. Ambrose, and made a law that his chants should be sung in congregations. Some of them are still sung in Episcopal and Roman Catholic churches, as is well known. Mr. Schlotter gave two specimens of them, of course with modern harmony.

Charlemagne did much for the advancement and improvement of music. The first attempts at harmony are generally ascribed to Hubald, a Flemish monk, who died in 930; but the foundation which he laid was built upon a century later, by Guido, of Arezzo. He also improved the notation of music, which before this had been written on two lines, with mere dots of two colors. Guido added two lines, and applied to the different notes the names of ut, re, mi, fa, sol, &c., which were the first syllables in the lines of a hymn to St. John, the Baptist. The twelfth and thirteenth centuries brought increased knowledge and improvement in harmony and notation, also the establishment of notes of different value, and of rhythm. Franco, of Cologne, and Adam de la Hale were prominent names at this time. In England, meanwhile, attention was being said to the theory of music.

Until the thirteenth century, when rhythm and harmony were established, melody had been considered as secondary in music. At this time, however, the troubadours or menestriers became more and more prevalent, who cultivated melody solely. One of the chief and first of these was Thibaut, King of Navarre, who, subject to a hopeless passion for Queen Blanche of Castille, brother of St. Louis, was advised to soothe his sorrows with music, and found it an effectual remedy. The first attempt at opera was in the shape of a little play performed at Paris in 1313, which contained two songs, by Adam de la Hale. Mr. Schlotter played the airs of these two songs, the second of which sounded quite modern, and gave an amusing sketch of this little operetta, which was called Robin and Marianne. In Germany, Mr. Schlotter next observed, harmony was not introduced until the fifteenth century, though in France part songs had been known before, and in the Netherlands, where much attention was paid to the theory of music, hymns were sung with three or four different voices, and music was patronized by the higher classes and the church. William de Foye, about this time, distinguished himself by his compositions, and was called to Rome, where many of his Masses are still to be found in the library of the Vatican. His harmony was always full, his melody heavy and hard. He died in 1432.

(To be Continued.)

NEW ORLEANS.—Our opera houses, notwithstanding the cold weather, have both been well attended during the week. At the new one in Bourbon street, the tragic and the comic muse have alternately presided and the high priest, and priestesses, St. Urbain and Guesmar, Mathieu, Ecarlat, Melchisedec, (a good name, by the way, for a priest,) and Gennibrel, have officiated to the great satisfaction of the lovers of opera. At the old house, in Orleans street, Phil-

lippe, Dalmont and Latournerie, together with the ballet, still retain their hold upon the preferences of their admirers, and win their share of the patronage and the applause.—*Picayune*, Dec. 25.

PHILADELPHIA.—The performance of *The Messiah*, last evening, by our own Handel and Haydn Society, was peculiarly appropriate to the festivities of Christmas week, and was, in many respects, worthy of the great composer.

Handel's Melodies, more properly called *Airs*, for he was seldom guilty of more than four bars of melody consecutively—are, in the hands of commonplace performers, immensely dry and unedifying. Competent interpreters of the Handelian school are unfortunately rare, even among artists. It requires in the singer, a thorough appreciation of the sentiment, a careful and even rigorous observance of the tempo, and admits of none of those liberties, too frequently allowable in the Italian school. Several of the solos were, however, very fairly rendered last evening. Miss McC. sang the beautiful aria for contralto,

"He was despised and rejected."

in a thoroughly artistic manner, and with that pathos which it requires. She was enthusiastically applauded and deservedly encored. The tenor, Mr. H., although laboring under a severe cold, acquitted himself creditably. Much of the part intrusted to him was thus necessarily omitted.

Mr. Thomas, who we believe is a stranger here, gave the principal bass part with care and finish. His execution of the difficult and trying air, "*The trumpet shall sound*," (the trumpet did sound most ex-cruciatingly!) deserves much praise.

The performance of the solos, "*Rejoice greatly O daughter of Zion!*" and "*He shall feed his flock like a shepherd*," the first sung by Miss R., the latter by Miss S., is highly to be commended.

As a general thing, the choruses were rendered with power and precision. We would especially cite "*For unto us a child is born*," and the "*Hallelujah*," in which the breadth and grandeur of Handel are pre-eminent.

The great lack of unity in the performance of the chorus, "*All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way*," strongly suggested a singular application of the words.

Mr. B. Carr Cross conducted the orchestra, which was excellent, and the accompaniments generally were all that could be desired.—*Bulletin*, Dec. 30.

NEW YORK.—Christmas Eve, according to announcement, the Harmonic Society gave the oratorio of "*Messiah*" at the Academy of Music.

The performance was not superior to those we have had by this Association heretofore. Some of the choruses were rendered in a very imperfect manner, while others were highly satisfactory. "His yoke is easy" and "Behold the Lamb of God" were sung finely.

The favorite chorus, "For unto us a Son is born," was rendered very ineffective by the manner of bestowing light and shade; there is no reason why the voices should be kept so pianissimo in the first part that the whole soprano chorus has not the weight of a single voice. It is the intermediate shades which color either music or paintings with beauty. Voices hushed to a shrill whisper, and without any crescendo plunging into a fortissimo passage at once, has no other effect than that which a sife and a drum make on the ear—extremes are rarely pleasant.

Madame Bishop's voice sounded quite natural, and proved that she was as spirited an oratorio singer as formerly. We must object to her peculiar enunciation, for the sake of the many young singers around her, who might be misled by it. This peculiarity in some passages became ludicrous. In the words, "He shall bring peace unto the heathen," Madame Bishop persisted in saying, "He shall bring peace unto the heathen." Likewise, the introduction of roulades in Handel's music is in doubtful taste, according to our ideas.

Miss Coleman did herself great credit; her improvement is truly wonderful. Her voice is very fresh and pure, which, notwithstanding her timidity, was entirely at her command. Her efforts were warmly applauded by the audience.

Mrs. Westervelt, Mr. Thomas, and Mr. Simpson sang the music correctly, but in such a spiritless manner, that it fell coldly on the audience, though all are possessed of charming voices. We hope, if the Harmonic Society intend to give the "*Messiah*" next year, that they will commence their rehearsals immediately, in order to be able to do equal justice to all the choruses.

The Jardine organ was a great addition to the orchestra, and produced some fine effects in the "Pastoral Symphony," and also in the choruses. Mr.

George Bristow conducted in his usual manner. How we wished we were Santa Claus, or some other good *geni*, to be able to endow this talented musician with a certain amount of fire and energy, which is all he needs to make a great reputation for himself, and without which he can never inspire either the orchestral or choral department under his control with the ideas of the composer.—*Musical World*.

(From Correspondence of the Musical World.)

BUFFALO, N. Y., Dec. 21.—Our home talent has been unusually quiet this season; a few miscellaneous concerts, and Romberg's "*Song of the Bell*," by the Liedertafel, being the only efforts worth mentioning.

Our musical wants, however, have been amply provided for by the different operatic companies which have visited us. To the Parodi troupe we are especially indebted; they having remained here two weeks, giving us, in admirable style, the operas of *Ernani*, *Trovatore*, *Traviata*, *Poliuto*, *Favorita*, *Luceria*, *Lucia*, *Norma*, and *Il Barbiere*.

The Parodi troupe have received two accessions from this city, in the persons of Mr. F. Miller, an excellent musician, who acts as manager, and Miss Hattie Brown, one of our most popular vocalists.

We also had a week of English opera, by the Es-cott and Miranda troupe, but this has already been noticed in your columns.

Our last musical feast has been furnished by the Cooper troupe. This is an excellent company, and they deserve a much better reception than they met with here. Miss Milner is a most pleasing artiste, and she never fails to secure the approbation of her audience. Her powers are best displayed in *La Sonnambula*, the *Daughter of the Regiment*, the *Barber*, etc. She was ably supported by Messrs. Bowler, Rudolphsen, Cook, and others. The performance of Mr. Cooper on the violin was a noticeable feature in these entertainments; but it seems a pity that so eminent a violinist should not let himself be heard as a soloist.

I regret to state that this troupe were subjected to considerable when here by the attempt of Mr. Carr (manager of the Metropolitan Theatre), to interrupt, or rather prevent, one of their performances. Mr. Carr claims that they made an engagement to perform at his theatre, and having failed to keep this engagement, he issued an attachment and seized the music of *Der Freyschütz* just before the rising of the curtain. The public care little whether Mr. Carr's claim is a just or an unjust one, but they will not soon forget his attempts to mar their evening's enjoyment.

Truly yours, A NATURAL.

TEXAS.—A music-dealer and teacher in Milan Co., writes the following description of his operations:

"I have a regular store in my dwelling house, which is situated on the main street. I have bought it, and what is better, paid for it, and eight building lots. On one side of my store I have sheet music (not enough to hurt), and small instruments, and a couple of pianos, melodeons, etc.; expect books on commission also; and pray sir, guess what I have got on the other side of the store? If you were not a born Yankee I would not ask you to guess, and really in spite of Yankeeism, I do not think a man in Massachusetts could guess at first pop what I have on the other side of my store. Well, I will tell you what is written on my sign (18 feet long 1½ feet wide), "*Family Groceries, cheap for Cash*." I follow Beethoven's advice, which he gave to his music publishers, when they complained of so few customers coming: "*Sell Lager beer and Sausages; something to eat will draw customers*." And so I think; something to eat will always sell. So now you know what I have got on two sides of my store, now I will tell you what I have on the third and fourth sides; on the former, a couple of windows and a door (not either of them for sale), and on the latter side is a huge fireplace, — how cold it is now here! we have had sleighing; lots of cattle and several teamsters frozen to death; such a time was never known. But what is on the floor in my store I have already mentioned, viz., pianos and melodeons; and what is going to hang on the ceiling is chairs and other furniture. I have sewing machines also coming, and other patent contrivances. Now say I am not a business man! knowing at the same time that I am teaching fourteen pupils."

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The Vesper hymn. Transc. B. Richards. 50

In the same style as the above.

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A brilliant piece of dance music, quite a favorite in London, where the author is leader of a much sought for band.

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